

LOUISE VERMEULE IN A PRISON CELL.

Louise Vermeule More Fascinating Than Even
Fayne Moore.

SWAYS ALL BY HER POWER

Denies Intent to Defraud, but
Owes "More Dollars Than
I Can Count."

PLANS VENGEANCE ON ENEMIES.

Says the Tradesmen Who Accuse Her
Must Suffer—Easy to Get
Credit—Heart Turns
to Her Boy.

Louise Vermeule is amazing. A prisoner in the Tombs, accused of having lived in palaces that were real by describing her castles that were in the air, prosecuted by merchants innumerable, sermonized by her attorney, pitted by her husband, suspected by all, she is invincible still.

In the prison she has the attitude of a sovereign. The guards are subjects to her, the matrons are indignant for her, the prisoners are desolate with her. There is an eating house keeper who serves the men and women held for trial in the Tombs. He is the most sceptical of mortals.

He said a week ago to a kind-hearted student, who shuddered, "I have never known an accused person who was innocent." He has resisted May Kellard, Fayne Moore, all the Queens of Sheba. He is unconquerable. Well, Louise Vermeule has been in the Tombs since Friday only, and she owes him, already, \$80. That is a greater feat than the conquest of Tiffany, the jeweler. Tiffany says to her \$1,500 in diamonds, gold and silver. When her failure to pay for them provoked the visit of a sheriff to her rooms, decked for a princess, he found only a powder puff.

There is a tale in "Arabian Nights" of bank bills that were good money when a merchant of Bagdad died, and he died and dried leaves when he attempted to give them to others.

Louise Vermeule's drafts on Crocker, the druggist, were similar to those bank bills of Bagdad. By what art did she enchant them? She has a dainty little figure, dressed with care. Her chin is delicate. Her lips are firm. Her chin is delicate. She has the genius of bewilderment. She said in her cell yesterday:

"When you cannot go to sleep? But the people to whom I owe the largest sums were not at court to complain of me when I was arraigned last Friday. The complainants there were only little, insignificant tradesmen."

She said "tradesmen" with an air that made them worthy of notice, indeed! She continued:

"What crime is there, pray, in obtaining credit? I have money. I suppose that the drafts about which they are making so much trouble would be paid, those who complain of me when I was arraigned last Friday. The complainants there were only little, insignificant tradesmen."

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Louise Vermeule in Her Cell.

The young woman accused of swindling is one of the most fascinating prisoners in the Tombs has ever held. All who see her come under the sway of her peculiar powers, and even the keepers are more slaves to her will.

UNCLE SAM'S ARCHITECT HERE. TEN POOL PLAYERS CAUGHT IN A RAID.

Morin-Goustiaux Tells of It Was the First Made in
Buildings for the Great the City in Several
Paris Exposition. Years.

MANY PRIZES ARE HIS. POLICEMEN USED PISTOLS.

For All His French Name He Was The Charge Against the Prison-
Reared in This Country, ers Is Violation of the
in California. Sunday Law.

Morin-Goustiaux, architect of the American buildings at the Paris World's Fair, to be held next year, is here. He arrived on Saturday. He is going to Washington to see the plans of the Exposition. He has his plans all traced in red ink and water colors. There are all the details, even the statues of bronze in the niches.

The plans are not to be talked of in public until after Commissioner Peck has seen them, but there is an inspiration in them that every one expects. The buildings are to be expressive of the greatness, the power and wealth of the United States.

"I can tell you that I have tried to realize that expression," Mr. Morin-Goustiaux said. "I have always felt it intensely. I was born in France, but my boyhood was ennobled by California scenery. I was graduated at the Art School in San Francisco."

My studies there were serious, since I could enter the Beaux-Arts school in Paris a month afterward. I have made frequent visits to America, was at the Chicago World's Fair. I was the architect of the San Francisco Hospital in 1883. I was in this city, three years ago, gaining amazement from the skyscrapers rising around me. He has his plans all traced in red ink and water colors. There are all the details, even the statues of bronze in the niches.

Morin-Goustiaux has built an insane asylum near Paris and a hospital at Tientsin. He speaks of obtaining a commission as architect of the new buildings for the Paris Exposition. He has his plans all traced in red ink and water colors. There are all the details, even the statues of bronze in the niches.

He has large, expressive dark eyes. It should be interesting that the architect of the American buildings in Paris is handicapped by the fact that he is not a native-born American. He has his plans all traced in red ink and water colors. There are all the details, even the statues of bronze in the niches.

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NAKED AS ADAM AND PROBABLY.

A Temporarily Insane Man
Disrobed in Produce
Exchange Area.

LED A HOOTING CROWD. A COMRADE SAVED HIM.

Reached Trinity Place Before
Any Shelter Was
Found.

Lower Broadway was amazed, shortly before 1 p. m. yesterday, by the spectacle of a young man entirely nude promading the sidewalk. That it was quite cold did not affect him in the least. He was far more unconcerned than the persons who met him.

No policeman was for a time in sight, and this modern Adam marched back and forth indifferently, until the crowd began to hoot and laugh.

Then he became excited and shouted: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved!" He then hurried down Trinity place, and was headed off by several Adams Express employees, and taken within doors.

Policemen Schneider and Neumeier came hurrying up, having been sent from the Church street station, and found that the man had suddenly become violent. He was bundled into an express wagon and, with a blanket wrapped around him, was taken to the Church street station. The policemen had to carry him in struggling. He was unable to give his name or any explanation of his conduct.

His clothing was found and brought in. It was afterward learned that the man had attended Christian service at Old Trinity, and had then gone to the Turkish bathhouse, in the Produce Exchange building. Finding the place closed, he had deliberately undressed in the area, and then sallied out upon the street.

Surgeon Macdonald, who came in a Hudson Street Hospital ambulance, said to the police: "It is a case of acute mania. He has gone insane on religion, apparently, and we can't have anything to do with him. You must have him committed by a magistrate."

"But," said Captain Westervelt, "there is no magistrate sitting this afternoon." "Oh, keep him locked up till to-morrow, then," said the doctor. "You can lock him up on a charge of disorderly conduct, you know. It won't hurt him any not to get to the hospital to-day."

To Captain Westervelt's expostulations and urging that the man needed immediate attention the doctor from the Hudson Street Hospital refused to be moved. He remained entirely deaf, and later in the day Superintendent Knoll, of that hospital, said that Macdonald had done right in not taking the man. "Had he been suffering from alcoholic insanity," said the superintendent, "we could have carried him to Bellevue, because alcoholism is itself a disease, but acute mania is only a symptom. We have no right to act otherwise, and the Bellevue authorities have asked us not to touch insane cases."

While waiting for a Bellevue ambulance the man's insanity gradually disappeared and he became rational. He carefully dressed himself and asked that he had been doing. He remembered nothing of his Broadway promenade.

"I am Edward Parkinson, twenty-two years old, of New York City," he said. "My father is Robert Parkinson, a wine merchant. I have not been feeling well for several days. I have never had an attack like this before. I never drink or smoke. I regularly attend the Episcopal Church, and this morning came over for the service at Trinity. I can remember is that I became bewildered, but I am all right now."

He was taken to Bellevue in charge of Surgeon Macdonald and Wynkoop, and a message was sent to his father.

AWNING BROKE HER FALL

FROM THIRD-STORY WINDOW.

Young Wife Is Now in an Alcoholic

Ward, While Her Husband and

Sister Are in Jail.

That Frances Flabin is not in a coffin instead of a berth in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital is probably due to an awning which broke her fall from a third-story window and let her off with a few bruises.

John Michler, a soldier, who is stationed at Fort Hamilton, was standing in front of No. 32 First avenue last night when he saw the woman fall and strike on the awning. He rushed to the scene and found her lying on the ground. He called for help and a policeman came. The policeman found her sister, who was also in the ward, and a message was sent to his father.

Both the husband and sister were locked up in the Fifth street station. At Bellevue it was said the woman was suffering more from alcoholism than anything else.

WANTED FIGHT AND GOT IT.

Quarrelsome Negro Received a Charge

of Buckshot in His Back.

Edward M. Wood, a negro, of No. 40 Thorpe avenue, Williamsburg, after raising a disturbance in the saloon of John Stuber, man, at No. 140 Harrison avenue, yesterday morning, went into the street, where he got into an argument with Henry Heskamp. Wood invited Heskamp to fight him and struck him in the face. Heskamp returned the blow with a shotgun. Heskamp took the gun from the saloon keeper and turned it on Wood. The latter turned to run away, when he received a charge of bird shot in his back. He fell on his face, but was not badly wounded.

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BURIED TWO DAYS; HE COMES OUT THE LIVING.

An Old Soldier Resurrected
After a Dismal Sojourn
Underground.

William Hazen, Despite the Doc-

tors, Would Not Believe
John Clark Was Dead.

Wichita, Kan., Dec. 25.—John Clark, an aged Union soldier, who has been spending his last days at the Soldiers' Home, in Dodge City, was literally resurrected from the dead last Friday. Clark, who was a prosperous man of business before the civil war, joined the Union army as a private in a Western regiment and fought through the campaign. He bore many scars as proofs of his bravery in the field, and at the Battle of the Wilderness he was picked up for dead. To his friends yesterday he only said: "I was buried two days."

He then hurried down Trinity place, and was headed off by several Adams Express employees, and taken within doors.

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KILLED HIM UNDER

A CHRISTMAS TREE.

Jule Boillot Assassinated by John Hollo-

way at a Holiday Re-

ception.

Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 25.—At a Christmas tree celebration at Aught, a small town in Oswego County, John Holloway shot and killed Jule Boillot, one of the oldest and most prosperous citizens of Oswego County. Holloway fled and has not been apprehended.

Weyler Sees Spain's SAFETY IN HIMSELF.

Hints She Will Run Great Risks Unless He and Sagasta Control the Government.

London, Dec. 26.—The Madrid correspondent of the Standard says: "Senor Sagasta's illness has brought to a standstill the political crisis and the negotiations for the reorganization of the Liberal party. Many Liberals are opposed to General Weyler's becoming Minister of War, because they fear he will aspire to succeed Sagasta as leader of the party."

"El Liberal publishes an interview with Weyler in the course of which he repudiated his decision to resign any information regarding the crisis, but as insisting upon the necessity for a strong government. Such a government could not be formed from the party led by Senor Silveira. General Weyler hinted that the country would run great risks unless power were vested in the hands of a Sagasta-Weyler coalition government."

Skull Broken with a Club. A blow on the head with a club by Policeman Michel, of the Vernon avenue station, Williamsburg, may result in the death of William Egan, of No. 601 Park avenue. Egan and William O'Donnell were raising a disturbance at Park avenue last night. Egan struck O'Donnell on the head with a club. O'Donnell effected his escape. Egan struck Michel, who drew his club and inflicted a probable fracture of the skull.

Discharged Soldier Dies in Street. The body of an unknown man was found early yesterday in the area of No. 157 East One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. The body was dressed in the uniform of a soldier of the volunteer army. A policeman recognized the dead man as William Westervelt, a former member of the Eighth Regiment, who had lived at No. 2235 First avenue. He had been drinking heavily since his discharge. There were no marks of violence on him.

Stone Broke Flynn's Jaw. Dominic Dalle, an Italian, thirty-three years old, of No. 32 Frost street, Williamsburg, was locked up last evening in the Herbert street police station for having broken the jaw of Edward Flynn, aged twenty-one, of No. 114 Connelley street, with a stone. The Italian was annoyed by Dalle and while pursuing them and throwing stones, a heavy missile struck Flynn in the face and he fell insensible. He was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital.

HER INTUITION CAUGHT BURGLAR.

Mrs. Parkenson Heard
Noises and Followed
Them Up.

HUSBAND SAID "NONSENSE"

But She Found a Robber Hidden
in a Wardrobe Just
the Same.

Dr. Parkenson, like the average man, did not believe his wife when she said that there was a burglar in the house. He ridiculed her fears. But Mrs. Parkenson went on a hunt and nabbed the burglar so effectively that he is now resting in the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station.

The home of Dr. Charles A. Parkenson is at No. 227 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street. With his wife and children he took Christmas dinner at the home of his mother, downtown, last night. They returned home shortly after 10 o'clock. After putting the children to bed, Mrs. Parkenson sat down to talk to her husband while he was taking off his collar.

"I believe there is a burglar in the house," she said suddenly.

"Nonsense," said the doctor, struggling with a refractory collar button. "Women are always that way. Every little noise they hear—dam this collar but!"

He was interrupted by a scream from his wife, who had opened the door of a wardrobe on the other side of the room. The feet of a man were visible under a pile of clothes. Mrs. Parkenson reached in, grasped the intruder and yanked him out to the middle of the hall, where he was overpowered by the combined efforts of his captor and her husband.

Mrs. Parkenson went out after a policeman and the doctor stood guard over the man. Mrs. Parkenson requested a drink of whiskey and a cigarette. His cool nerve earned him what he wanted and he smoked the cigarette and conversed with the doctor while waiting the arrival of a policeman.

He told Dr. Parkenson that his name was Henry, but at the police station he said he was Henry McDonald. It is believed that he robbed the house of Mrs. Mary Powers, next door to Dr. Parkenson's, before his disastrous trip across the quick intuition of Mrs. Parkenson.

"You can't always tell about a woman when they hear noises," sagely remarked the doctor, as he was leaving the police station.

BANDIT HUNT IN CUBAN HILLS. Colonel Ray Goes to Guantamo to Capture the Robber Bands.

Santiago de Cuba, Dec. 25.—Lieutenant Colonel Henry Ray, who had reported to General Wood that Colonel Francisco Vallente, Chief of Gendarmerie, had been arrested by insurgents, and that several bands of robbers were operating in the neighborhood of Guantamo, arrived here to-day.

He admits that Colonel Vallente was the first Cuban officer who personally disarmed his men, but claims that Vallente, before starting for Santiago, turned over to several Cuban captains the six hundred rifles that were stacked by his men when they were disarmed.

Vallente declared that he did not arm the Cubans, but merely gave the rifles into the charge of the military officers.

Colonel Ray claims that this explains the existence of the troublesome bands of robbers who have infested the district around Guantamo. In one case a Cuban Major went so far as to order the property of a sugar estate not to be guarded. Col. Ray sent a company of United States troops to guard the estate, whereupon the Cuban Major and his men were driven off.

As a result of this action of things, Colonel Ray's entire regiment, with the exception of two companies, is now sentered about the country guarding private property.

Colonel Ray will return to Guantamo to-morrow. He intends to mount some of his own men and to capture the robber chief, Mearny, except on the guarded estates. Work in his district is practically at a standstill.

STREET CAVED IN; THREE HAD FALLS.

They Went Into a Hole Seven Feet Deep and Stones Fell on Them.

A section of pavement, fifteen foot square, at Ninety-eighth street and Third avenue, suddenly gave way last night, and three persons who were walking over it dropped out of sight.

The three persons were quickly dragged to the street, having fallen only about seven feet. They narrowly escaped serious injury, for a pile of paving stones, three feet high dropped into the pit with them.

One man, John Wells, of No. 1777 Third avenue, had his ankle severely sprained. The other man and a woman sustained injuries of the body, but hurried away, refusing to say who they were.

The pavement which caved in is in front of a big tenement numbered 1781 Third avenue. There are five tenements in a row, each having stores on the ground floor. Besides the pavement which dropped, another stretch, forty feet long, clear to Ninety-eighth street, sank several inches and threatened to fall in.

Read Proof for Old Sam Bowles. Springfield, Mass., Dec. 25.—Francis Fiske McLean, for many years one of the proprietors of the Evening News, died this afternoon, after a long illness. He was born in Ludlow, Mass., January 1, 1827, and early in his life was employed as a sailor by the first Samuel Bowles.

Knocked Out Many Trolley Cars. Peter Farrell, of No. 179 Fourteenth street, Jersey City, yesterday crippled the Summit avenue line of the North Hudson County Railway Company by cutting the copper wires connecting the rails on Monmouth street. He was arrested.

PET DOG BIT ROSE COGHLAN'S CHLD.

A St. Bernard's Teeth Meet
in Her Cheek and Break
Her Jawbone.

ACTRESS' MOTHER FAINTS.

She Comes On from Philadelphia
to Find Little Rosalind Dis-
figured for Life.

A fierce St. Bernard dog attacked Rosalind, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Rose Coghlan, the actress, at the Coghlan mansion, New Rochelle, on Saturday, and tore open her cheek and broke her jaw.

The girl lives with her grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Coghlan. The dog, whose name is Bruce, was her constant companion. They were playing together in the parlor. Rosalind teased him, and he sprang at her, making his teeth meet in her left cheek.

The child's screams brought the grandmother, who found the dog, the girl and the carpet covered with blood. She telephoned for Dr. W. H. Nelson, who put seven stitches in Rosalind's face and enveloped her head in a plaster cast to keep the broken ends of the jawbone in position. The girl is not able to speak, and has to be fed through a silver tube. It is feared that she will be disfigured for life.

Miss Coghlan and her husband, John T. Sullivan, were playing in "The White Heather," at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. After the performance on Saturday night Mr. Sullivan was showing his two comic dogs that are used in the play to some ladies, when one of them sprang at him and bit him severely in the arm.

The actress and her husband came on yesterday to spend their first Christmas at home in eleven years, and also to celebrate the eighty-second birthday of Mrs. Coghlan, which occurred yesterday. When Miss Coghlan learned of the condition of her daughter she fainted and became hysterical. She insisted that the dog should be shot, but Mr. Sullivan thought this unwise.

It is likely that Rosalind will go for treatment to the Fairmount Hospital, and that the dog will be sent there for examination and observation. There are no symptoms of rabies.

HE RESCUED ONLY A NEW FOUNDLAND DOG.

Blinded by Smoke, Policeman Werner Thought He Was Carrying Out a Dying Woman.

The policemen forming the early morning patrol were asleep in the dormitory of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station house at 7 o'clock last evening when an excited man rushed into the station and said there was a fire at No. 501 West One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street. He managed to gasp that it was a fire in Cummings's flat that was on fire. The reserve section hurried around. Cummings in the lead, as he feared his wife and child were in the flat.

The building is a five-story apartment house, and the Cummings live on the fourth floor. Above lives Policeman Werner, who attempted to enter the Cummings apartment when the alarm was given, but the door was locked. From behind the door he could hear the sounds of a fire. He tried to break down the door, and as he fell forward he stumbled over a body. He thought it was Mrs. Cummings. Werner was half choked, but grasped the body, which seemed to be wrapped in a furry garment, and carried it out into the hallway. There he felt a sharp pain in his back and he knew he had rescued the family Newfoundland, and had been bitten for his pains. The blaze was quickly extinguished, but the Cummings and the child had gone out to visit a relative. The fire was started, presumably, by mice nibbling matches.

COLONEL DUFFY DEFENDS THE 69TH REGIMENT.

He Denies the Army and Navy Journal Report That It is in Bad Condition.

The sharp criticism of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers, which appeared in the Army and Navy Journal of December 17, has called forth a reply from Colonel Duffy, in command of the regiment.

The writer of the article urged that the Sixty-ninth be sent to the front